

MAR 12 '60

Novels of a Religious Man

—Sam Hynes

THE

Commonweal

"Roman Catholicism and the American Way of Life"

Religion and Culture Today

by Will Herberg

American Catholics as a Minority

by R. L. Bruckberger

Church-State Relations

by Raymond F. Cour

Philip T. Hartung

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Betty Kaufman

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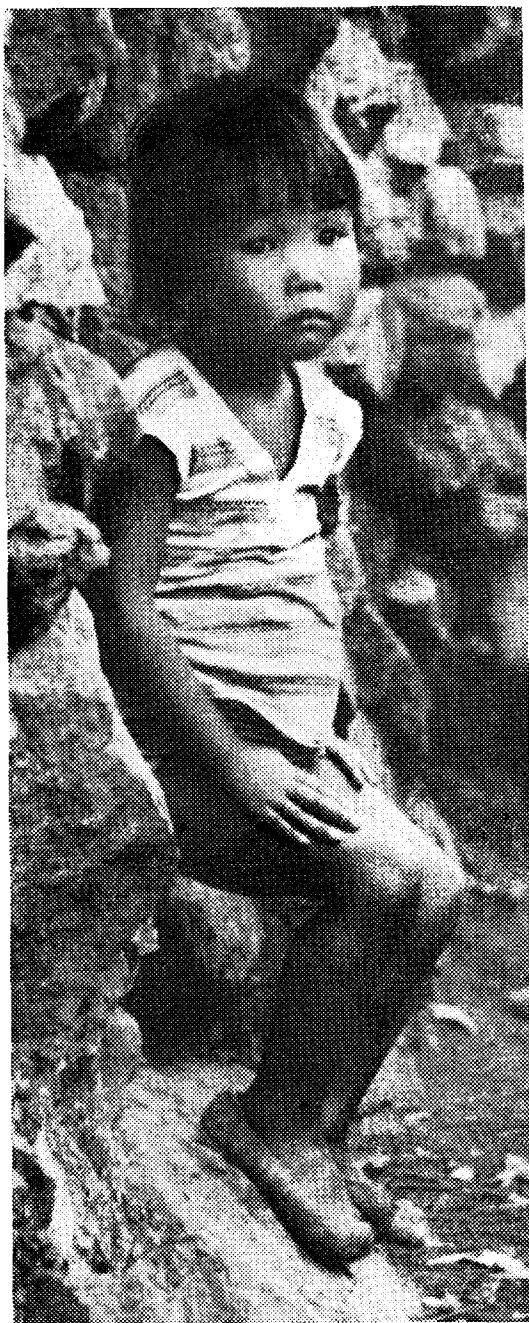
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March 18, 1960

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THE Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts

THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

—week by week—

DEFENDING LATIN AMERICA

WHEN THE MONROE Doctrine was proclaimed in 1823, the United States had national self-defense in mind, just as it does today when President Eisenhower sternly warns against interference in Latin America "by invasion, coercion or subversion." Primarily the original announcement sought to defend the independence of Latin American nations newly wrested from Spain against the attempts of the Holy Alliance to return these countries to their former colonial status. The only reason it succeeded was that this stand by the United States was backed up by a powerful British Navy.

As time went on, the Doctrine lost its original favor in Central and South America. By the turn of the century Washington had come to interpret it in imperialistic terms. The Latin American nations identified it with the efforts of the United States to exercise hegemony in this hemisphere. In the heyday of "dollar diplomacy" the dispatch of our marines to protect the lives and property of our nationals, and even to support the local political leaders we favored, brought the Monroe Doctrine to its lowest repute. Relations between the United States and Latin America began to change markedly for the better only with the inauguration of the Good Neighbor policy in the 1930's. And when President Franklin Roosevelt reasserted the Doctrine in 1940 as a warning to Nazi Germany, the reaction in the other Americas was highly favorable.

Since that date, Pan American relations have gone through a series of vicissitudes. It was understood when the war effort in Europe and the Far East absorbed most of our production for export. In the early days of the cold war the Latin American nations also saw the point of the priorities for Western Europe involved in the Marshall Plan.

But as the years went by and aid to the other Americas continued only on a minor scale, their discontent with our policy grew. Yet at the United Nations the Latin American governments have kept right on supporting the United States.

In the meantime, Communists directed from Moscow have quietly been building up their strength in Central and South America. Their numbers are small but by concentrating on labor unions, intellectuals and university students the Party has proved to be extremely effectual. It was only when Vice President Nixon met with such hostile demonstrations on his South American goodwill tour that the people of the United States awoke to the intensity of the popular resentment resulting from skillful anti-Yankee propaganda, continuing poverty and our own neglect.

THE CASTRO revolution in Cuba has proved to be another eye-opener. Although most Latin American governments tend to remain rather cool toward Fidel Castro and to dislike his fulminations against the United States, there is a considerable sympathy for the new Cuba among the Latin American peoples. Castro's efforts at land reform and his expropriations of foreign holdings are striking a responsive chord among the dispossessed of this hemisphere. To them the fears of Communist infiltration are decidedly secondary. Hence the failure of most Latin American governments to accept Castro's invitation to an underdeveloped nations conference in Havana does not essentially mean too much.

The Cuban situation serves as an index of the way the application of the Monroe Doctrine has changed in recent years. What will the other Americas accept now in the form of protection on the part of the United States? Governments

and peoples would greatly resent a dispatch of our marines to Cuba, no matter what happens there. Likewise if the United States were to respond to the intensifying provocations of the Castro government by resorting to crippling economic sanctions, the general Latin American reaction would be decidedly unfavorable. Only forcible measures taken after prior consultation with other members of the Organization of American States would stand a chance of gaining acceptance. Resistance to United States intervention in Latin America stems from our own past record there and from present anti-colonial aspirations; the prevailing sentiment is not changed by Cuba's alienation of Latin American governments by such steps as seeking to by-pass the other States in the hemisphere in order to obtain a seat on the U.N. Security Council.

Present-day limitations on intervention by the United States in defense of the hemisphere or any of its constituent members make the task of confronting Communist penetration doubly difficult. David Lawrence in *U.S. News and World Report* would urge Washington to warn "the Soviet Government that friendly relations cannot be maintained as long as Soviet agents of intrigue infest Latin American capitals." But on what basis could we expect the Soviet Union now to abandon a successful venture simply to avoid America's displeasure? Directly, measures for the defense of this hemisphere economically, politically and militarily will have to be taken jointly and in full-fledged partnership from now on.

But it is indirectly that our greatest potentiality for effective defense still lies. The carrying out of cooperative efforts to promote the rapid and intensive development of Central and South America pledged at Brasilia would do much to forestall the Communist advance in Latin America. With the help of the Eisenhower visit the United States has come to recognize the damage resulting from our protracted neglect. The next step is for all the nations of the Americas to work out together a program extensive enough to build up local, national and regional economies all through the hemisphere. Finally, with such objectives well formulated and universally accepted, Americans, North and South, will have to set to work on the difficult task.

SON OF MARIA MONK

WE DON'T know about Maria Monk, but the N.C.W.C. press service reports that the famous bogus oath of the Knights of Columbus is

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making the rounds again. The "oath," in case readers are not familiar with it, purports to pledge one to wage "relentless war, secretly and openly, against all heretics, Protestants and Masons." These unfortunates are to be extirpated from the face of the earth without regard to age, sex or condition, by hanging, burning, boiling, strangling, and burying alive. The loyal son of the Church is supposedly enjoined to "rip up the stomachs and wombs of their women and crush their infants' heads against the walls . . . to annihilate their execrable race."

This must have seemed like strong meat even in the days of the anti-Catholic Know-Nothing movement. But a few weeks ago a minister in Akron was given a copy by a member of his congregation and took it so seriously that he printed it in his parish bulletin, followed, of course, by a warning against voting for a Catholic for *any* office without realizing "what his stand must be as a faithful Catholic according to this oath. . . ."

The minister in question, it must be stated, was not completely credulous. Before publishing the item in his church bulletin, he did verify the claim that the bogus oath was printed in the Congressional Record in 1913. What he failed to note, however, was that it was printed in connection with an investigation into the Knights of Columbus by a committee of California Free Masons, the members of which then reported that "neither the alleged oath nor any oath or pledge bearing the remotest resemblance thereto in matter, manner, spirit and purpose is used or forms a part of the ceremonies of any degree of the Knights of Columbus. The alleged oath is scurrilous, wicked and libelous, and must be the invention of an impious and venomous mind."

Once the matter was brought to public attention, an editorial in the Akron *Beacon-Journal* set the facts straight, so perhaps the harm done around Akron was small. We should note, however, two further facts; first, that the Pittsburgh *Catholic* reports the same bogus oath is being circulated there; and second, that these events took place just before Brotherhood Week. All in all it looks as if 1960 is not likely to be a dull year, anyway.

THE LAND OF TRUJILLO

THE SECOND pastoral letter of the bishops of the Dominican Republic should persuade General Trujillo that he faces an additional and formidable opponent. It is clear, even from the scant news which issues from the Dominican Re-

public, that the Trujillo regime has felt the weight of episcopal censure. The document which the Catholic bishops had read in all the churches on January 31 was the first joint pastoral since Trujillo came to power in 1930. The language of that pastoral was direct, clear and challenging. In speaking of "the grievous blow that has afflicted a good many Dominican homes," the bishops called worldwide attention to the recent imprisonment of over a thousand persons supposedly implicated in a plot against Trujillo. They spoke of the right of liberty which is lodged in the human person and called attention to the diminishment of that liberty in the land of Trujillo.

The Generalissimo's first official reply to the bishops' plea for clemency in dealing with the prisoners only confirmed the judgment he has called upon himself throughout North and South America. His respect for the laws of his country, the dictator said, did not allow him to intervene in the administration of justice.

The new pastoral letter of March 6 is a clear indication that Trujillo's reply is unacceptable. It again centers attention on the many political prisoners of the Dominican Republic and calls for their release before Easter, April 17. With what many would understand as a pointed reference to Trujillo, the letter stated that man should keep himself in readiness for his last moments on earth lest when he sought penitence he should be surprised at not finding it.

These two pastorals, one following so rapidly upon the other, are sharp commentaries on the ravages which Trujillo has inflicted upon his country and his people. Trujillo, of course, has sustained, when he has not fought off and crushed, many other critics over the past decades of his reign. He may attempt to ignore or coolly oppose the repeated request of the bishops. But he may read in the recent history of Eastern Europe lessons which should curb such presumption. The power of firmly grounded moral authority is not to be overcome by force, threats or censorship.

RACE AND HOUSING

THE RACIST mentality is not, of course, found only to the South of the Mason-Dixon line—an obvious fact worth repeating only because national attention is focused on the filibuster in the Senate and the sit-down demonstrations in various Southern states. Racial discrimination in the North is less institutionalized and lacks the

positive support of local law, but only the naive would deny its existence and gravity.

Residential segregation along racial lines remains one of the North's most persistent forms of prejudice, confining individual Negro families to overcrowded areas and at the same time reinforcing the popular identification of the Negro with slum housing. When a Negro family does try to buy a house in a previously all-white neighborhood, the opposition encountered is generally expressed in economic terms. The entry of Negroes into a neighborhood, it is argued, means a decline in property values and hence a serious loss in dollars and cents to homeowners already in the area. For this reason the findings of a recent study on race and property values are of particular importance.

The study was made for the Commission on Race and Housing by research economist Luigi Laurenti, financed by a grant from the Fund for the Republic. It represents a five-year examination of property values and race in six Northern cities, covering ten thousand real estate transactions. The complete findings are being published in book form by the University of California Press, but certain conclusions can be readily summarized.

In the cities covered by the survey, forty-one per cent of the neighborhoods entered by non-whites showed no change in prices one way or the other. Forty-one per cent showed a comparative raise in price of between five and twenty-six per cent. Only fifteen per cent showed a price decline, and this was only between five and nine per cent. In general, the study found, when non-whites buy houses in white neighborhoods, "real estate values are four times more likely to rise or remain constant than in areas remaining all white."

These findings are encouraging. The roots of prejudice are deep, of course, and one cannot expect that purely economic arguments will eradicate them. Nonetheless, there is evidence that much of the panic created by the arrival of Negroes in once all-white neighborhoods does involve fear for property-values, fear that is often exploited and made worse by unscrupulous real estate dealers. For this reason, the Fund for the Republic study should provide useful material for those seeking a more rational approach to the subject of race and housing. And in this connection it is certainly encouraging that the study's economist-author found the number of integrated neighborhoods increasing, and he observes, hopefully, that "race should gradually lose its significance as a consideration in the real estate market." It should indeed, and this study should speed the process.

FOREIGN POLICY FOR CUBA

AS PREMIER Fidel Castro's charges against the United States grow increasingly irresponsible, the wisdom of recent U.S. policy toward Cuba grows increasingly evident. Since Premier Castro came to power, our government has stressed a policy of non-intervention and it has shown patience and restraint under trying conditions. This has not, apparently, been enough for Cuba's Premier, who, in reply to conciliatory notes, offers further provocation. But it has had evident good results for the U.S. in other countries.

The Communists, of course, are pleased to exploit whatever anti-American feelings are present in Cuba. Faced with our present widely publicized policy, however, they have had to rely upon vague charges against "exploiting capitalists." Maybe more important is the impact that our Cuban policy has had upon South American countries. It is clearly one of the reasons why the majority of Latin American countries has decided not to participate in the world conference of underdeveloped countries which Castro has scheduled for Havana this fall. Whatever changes we may be forced to make in our Cuban policy it has to date, given the trying conditions, been sensible and effective.

SNOW, SLUSH AND GRIT

IT'S an ill wind, as the saying goes, and the big snow which hit New York last week had its compensating features. The resultant breakdown in transportation facilities brought out the pioneer spirit in millions of stout-hearted New Yorkers and turned up some gratifying examples of the enterprising spirit which made America great. New York merchants, striking when the iron was snow-bound, so to speak, stepped into the rapid transit breach and drummed up quite a brisk trade in skis and snowshoes. Not only that, New Yorkers who were really determined to get somewhere were offered the use of a one-horse open sleigh (for a hundred dollars a day, with horse) and a dog-sled, complete with five snarling huskies (this for a fee of three hundred dollars a day).

We're filing this information away until the next time New York has a snowstorm, in case we should have to get somewhere, and in case we should want to get there to the tune of three hundred dollars, or one hundred, or even enough to ski or snowshoe. As it was, we found no compelling reason to stir from our chair by the fire.

"Roman Catholicism and the American Way of Life"

What is the present position of Catholics in the United States? In "Roman Catholicism and the American Way of Life" (University of Notre Dame Press), Father Thomas T. McAvoy, C.S.C., has assembled the reflections on this subject of a wide cross-section of scholars and specialists.

"The twentieth century . . . , " Father McAvoy points out in his introductory essay, "has brought about the recognition, at least in

the newer generations, that these people whom well-meaning Americans have called foreigners have now become Americans. There is a problem both within and without these immigrant groups of reconciling the religious life of the American people with the changing American life—just as the social and economic ways of life which they or their parents experienced in the villages or cities of Europe,

Africa or Asia has been changed to fit into the American scheme. . . . But such changes take time and call for thinking ahead."

The three articles which follow have been excerpted from "Roman Catholicism and the American Way of Life." Like all the essays in that book, they are intended to help in the necessary task of thinking ahead about "an existing problem and a future America." —THE EDITORS.

Religion and Culture Today

by WILL HERBERG

I RECOGNIZE that religion has its transcendent dimension, which escapes all external scrutiny and analysis, but I am deliberately limiting my inquiry to those aspects that are subject to such scrutiny and analysis, and I think that these aspects are significant in the total picture. What, then, is it that strikes one about the new function of religion in the life of the American people today? It is, I think, that religion, in its tripartite form of Protestant-Catholic-Jew, is rapidly becoming the primary context of self-identification and social location in present-day America. Let us see what this really means.

By and large, since the latter part of the nineteenth century at any rate, Americans have tended to identify and locate themselves in terms of race, ethnicity, and religion. "When asked the simple question, 'What are you?'" Gordon W. Allport has noted, referring to certain recent researches, "only ten per cent of four-year-olds answer in term of racial, ethnic, or religious membership, but seventy-five per cent of nine-year-olds do so"—and the percentage is even higher for adults. "Race" in America today means color, white vs. non-white, and racial stigmatization has introduced an element of caste-like stratification into American life. For white Americans, ethnicity (immigrant origin) and religion have been, and remain, the major sources of pluralistic diversity, and therefore the major forms of self-identification and social location. But the relation between the two has changed drastically in the course of the past generation, and it is this change that provides a clue to the new role of religion in American life.

As long as large-scale immigration continued, and America was predominantly a land of immigrants, in the days when "the immigrants were American history," as Oscar Handlin puts it, the dominant form of diversity, and therefore the dominant form of self-identification, was immigrant ethnicity. The always interesting question about a new family moving into the neighborhood—"What are they?"—was regularly answered in terms of ethnic-immigrant origin. Religion was felt to be an aspect of ethnicity, a part of the ethnic heritage, recent or remote. The enthusiasts of the "melting pot" were eager to eliminate these diverse heritages as quickly as possible; the "cultural pluralists" were determined to perpetuate them; but both alike moved within a pluralism based substantially on ethnicity, ethnic culture, and ethnic religion.

Within the past generation, the picture has been radically transformed. The stoppage of mass immigration during the first world war, followed by the anti-immigration legislation of the 1920's, undermined the foundations of immigrant ethnicity and the immigrant ethnic group with amazing rapidity; what it did was to facilitate the emergence of third and post-third generations, with their characteristic responses and attitudes, as a decisive influence on American life, no longer threatened with submergence by the next new wave of immigration. Within the threefold American scheme of race, ethnicity, and religion, a shift took place, a shift is taking place, from ethnicity to religion as the dominant form of self-identification—as the dominant way of answering the question, "What am I?"

how do I differ from 'one man's family'? where do I fit in in the totality of American society?"

Ethnic identifications and traditions have not disappeared; on the contrary, with the third generation, they are enjoying a lively popularity as symbols of "heritage." But now the relation between ethnicity and religion has been reversed: religion is no longer an aspect of ethnicity; it is ethnicity, or rather what remains of it, that is taken up, redefined, and expressed through religious identifications and institutions. Religion, or at least the tripartite differentiation of Protestant, Catholic, and Jew has (aside from race) become the prevailing form of defining one's identity as an American in contemporary American society.

Keeping this in mind, we can begin to understand one of the most striking facts in the religious history of this country during the past half century—the transformation of America from a *Protestant* country into a *three-religion* country.

Writing just thirty years ago, André Siegfried described Protestantism as America's "national religion," and he was largely right, despite the ban on religious establishment in the Constitution. Normally, to be born an American meant to be a Protestant; this was the religious identification that in the American mind quite naturally went along with being an Ameri-

can. Non-Protestants felt the force of this conviction almost as strongly as did the Protestants; Catholics and Jews, despite their vastly increasing numbers, experienced their non-Protestant religion as a problem, even as an obstacle, to their becoming full-fledged Americans: it was a mark of their foreignness. (This was true despite the much esteemed colonial heritage of both Jews and Catholics, since it was not the "old American" elements in these two groups that influenced American attitudes, but the newer immigrant masses.) In the familiar Troeltschean sense, Protestantism—not any one of multiplying denominations, but Protestantism as a whole—constituted America's "established church."

This is no longer the case. Today, to be born an American is no longer taken to mean that one is necessarily a Protestant; Protestantism is no longer the obvious and "natural" religious identification of the American. Today, the evidence strongly indicates, America has become a three-religion country: the normal religious implication of being an American today is that one is either a Protestant, a Catholic, or a Jew. These three are felt to be, by and large, three different forms of being religious in the American way; they are the three "religions of democracy," the "three great faiths" of America.

Catholics as a Minority

by R. L. BRUCKBERGER

I AM a Frenchman. I come from a country where, for centuries, the Catholics have been and still are in the majority. For a long time this majority profited enormously from the situation. Up to the French Revolution, the Catholic Church in France was loaded with privileges. It was the richest body in the nation. It was the only teaching body of the nation. It was politically associated with the State and was the only religion recognized by it. All this was justified historically by the services formerly rendered the nation by the Church. The day came when people forgot the services and saw only the privileges, which appeared exorbitant. The French Revolution did as much against the Catholic Church as against the Monarchy.

Since the Revolution, the situation of the Catholics in France has completely changed. They are still the majority in the nation. But the Catholic Church is looked upon with suspicion by the poor, because formerly it was rich. It is an object of suspicion to the University, because formerly it held a monopoly in teaching. It is also an object of suspicion to the State, because formerly it more or less controlled the State.

French Catholics have all the disadvantages of a majority without its advantages. If it so happens that a French Catholic has an important position in the University or in the Government, he is always afraid of being suspected of partiality and so in order to wipe out this suspicion will do less for the Church than a free-thinker would. Although a majority in their own land, French Catholics have reached the point where most of them are afraid to admit that they are Catholics. As soon as they do admit it, people fear them and hate them. Therefore, they do not have the advantages of the majority that they really are. Neither do they have the advantages of being a minority. Their position in the history of the nation has been so large, their former privileges so great, that people even now are unwilling to grant them the common rights of man.

Historically speaking, there is no more unfavorable position to be in than to have been a privileged class and to have been stripped of one's privileges. Knowing full well what would happen, I would beg American Catholics never to desire any privileges. Even if they should one day become the majority in their land, which

I hope with all my heart, I would beg of them always to be satisfied with that which is the right of all and never to use their numbers and their strength to obtain from the national community advantages which the other citizens do not have.

There are many reasons for a minority wishing someday to be a majority. Of all these reasons, the most sordid, the less legitimate on the religious level, is the desire for political power. In a democracy the majority has the power. It is possible that many American Catholics wish political power. I am warning them. For centuries in France, the Catholic Church has had political power. The present miserable situation of the Catholic Church in France comes in a great part from this fact.

Candidly speaking, I consider it very childish for American Catholics to complain of never having had a Catholic President. They are fortunate. A President,

even if he is Catholic, is only a man. He is exposed to many errors and arouses many hostilities. If he were Catholic, people would not fail to say that all his errors come from the fact that he is a Catholic. What a great blessing it is that American Catholics have never had to exercise political power. After all, they cannot be reproached with having signed the Yalta Pact or having dropped the atomic bomb on open cities. Likewise, it might be interesting for the White House to have an ambassador at the Vatican. But how can that be of interest to American Catholics, who from another source are perfectly united to the Pope through the hierarchy?

I hope that American Catholics will always keep the art of enjoying the privileges of a political minority. I still wish it if they become the actual majority—especially if they do.

Church-State Relations

by RAYMOND F. COUR

THE AMERICAN people, exercising the basic sovereignty which it possesses, framed, ratified, and amended the Federal Constitution, the supreme law of the land. Some powers it assigned to the central government, others to the states, still others to neither, the last class being reserved to the people themselves. Through the First and Fourteenth Amendments the people have denied to our governments the power to establish a religion and the power to restrict its free exercise. The objective of this double limitation is to guarantee freedom for religion, not its exile from public life. All other powers affecting the field of religion in national life the government will be free to use—at the bidding of the people.

There is a traditional preference for expecting religious groups to work out their own welfare without assistance from the government. But that no isolation of religion was intended is evident from the fact that the Congress which introduced the First Amendment provided at government expense chaplains for the Senate and House of Representatives as well as for the armed forces. This action of Congress did not involve establishment nor did it restrict religion but it did touch the religious side of national life. The legislators who enacted this measure were acting as agents of the American people, who chose in this way to employ governmental power and public funds for a specific religious end which met with their approval. Each of the Congresses since that date has made similar provision, simply as a matter of course.

When we denied to our legislatures the power to es-

tablish or restrict religion, we did not withhold from them authority over other phases of the religious question. We simply required that any exercise of this authority be approved by the people.

The religious neutrality of the text of the Constitution, the legal silence on any positive role for religion in national life, and our traditional preference for self-help by the churches bring into prominence another feature of our system of Church-State relations—the role of the individual citizen. . . . In democratic societies such as ours the citizen occupies a key position. He shares both the authority and the responsibility of directing the affairs of the state. He is the maker and modifier of governments, the formulator and repealer of public policy. What the constitution, written or unwritten, states will be what he wishes it to state. What the government does will be what he approves or tolerates. In a real sense he—not alone but in company with his civic equals—is the State.

Consequently, what the Church encounters in its dealings with the State is not the temporal order in the sense of the government but rather the citizen armed with all the institutions of popular rule. In like manner, what the government encounters in the religious field is not an ecclesiastical hierarchy or body of church officials but the individual citizen who chooses to exercise, alone or in communion with others, his government-protected freedom of worship.

In law the American is treated not as a believer in a particular creed but simply as a citizen. For example, there are many Catholic priests, Protestant ministers,

and Jewish rabbis serving American congregations today whose education to the ministerial profession was financed, in part, at least, through the G.I. Bill of Rights. These benefits were theirs not because of the religion of any of them but because they had performed a civic service, coming to the defense of the country in time of war. They were rewarded as citizens—who then used their civic benefits to attain religious ideals without any inquiry or objection from the government or the people at large.

Thus placed in a mediating position between Church and State, the individual citizen has status in both societies, status entailing obligations as well as privileges. For assistance in his life as a citizen, he looks to his church for the doctrinal instruction needed for perspective, for moral guidance to conscientious conduct, and for spiritual motivation and strength; in aiding him, and millions like him, our churches reach American society, the American state. To assist him in his life as a church member, he has the civil supports of freedom of worship, freedom of speech and of assembly, and the right of property needed for religious purposes; in the protection of these rights for the individual citizen, and the millions of his religious-minded neighbors, the American state affords protection for religious groups. Church and State meet in him—and his fellows of religious persuasion—and it is in him and through him that any interchange of influence or assistance will come.

In the Scandinavian countries, the Lutheran is the official religion, legally designated as such. In this country, the American state and the Lutheran Church are joined in the persons of those citizens professing Lutheranism. In England the Episcopal is the official religion through a provision of law. In America the state and the Episcopal Church are united through the individual men and women who are at once American citizens and Episcopalians. In some countries with large Catholic populations, the Catholic is the official religion in law. In the United States the Catholic Church and the state meet in those persons who are both Catholic and American. . . .

The Church places the fate of her mission in the civil order today in the hands of groups of zealous laymen willing to labor generously for the welfare of Church and nation. While following strictly the papal directive to remain "outside and above party politics," Catholic

Action is to work for the betterment of civil society through the conscientious use of civil liberties available to individuals and groups in their own countries. For Catholic Action the Church seeks from the modern state only freedom to exist and freedom to work for spiritual ends—freedom to speak, to teach, to assemble for religious purposes. As the studies of Father John Courtney Murray have repeatedly emphasized, all of these are part of the basic pattern of liberty for which the United States is well known. . . .

Questions of bus transportation for school children, school lunch programs, free non-religious textbooks for sectarian schools, and even state or Federal aid to religious institutions—these will be settled not through any reference to the theology or religious affiliation of the potential beneficiaries but through the response of the people to the civic needs of their communities. In the solution of these and other civic problems with religious implications, the persons and groups involved will be treated as members of the American state rather than as members of any American church. Our Constitution is a civil, not a theological, charter. Its provisions state what the people approve or tolerate. With proper regard for the self-imposed constitutional limitations on establishment and religious liberty, the American people will decide the manner in which common problems involving Church and State in this country will be settled.

In summary, it can be said that the American system of Church-State relations is characterized by an atmosphere of mutual respect and friendly co-operation by people of all faiths. Although the text of the Constitution and laws is religiously neutral, the spirit of our political institutions and the practice of our governments reveal an attitude of positive friendliness to religion on a non-sectarian basis. All creeds benefit by this arrangement and through it make their individual contributions to our civil society. Far from being "separated" from American public life, religion actually supplies it with a secure foundation through its teaching on the dignity of the person and respect for authority and provides a code of conduct by which men regulate their dealings with one another in the civic order.

Not specified in law, the role of religion is informal, its influence indirect. Its work is carried on through the private efforts, individual and collective, of religious-minded citizens using the fundamental civic freedoms of speech and assembly. Seeking from the government only the freedom to operate, and progressing according to the zeal of their members and the appeal of their doctrines, the churches of America, as Father Gustave Weigel put it, "are the conscience of our nation, and our government is the instrument of a nation with a conscience." American Catholics, clerical and lay, are one with their fellow citizens in their support of this arrangement.

THE AUTHORS

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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT AND CARYL CHESSMAN

A FRIEND of mine recently interviewed Caryl Chessman in the San Quentin penitentiary. Chessman told my friend that he looks upon his own case as an "historical necessity." He seemed convinced that he would die when his sixty days were up, but he seems to have an abiding faith in his strange destiny. Because the community could not just quietly and efficiently execute him, as it has done to thousands of others, but has been called upon to make an excruciatingly conscious decision on the issue of capital punishment, he thinks his case will have a bearing on history. For this reason, he says he will go to his grave believing that he neither lived nor died in vain.

The question, however, is not what the convicted Chessman thinks about capital punishment. The question is what the rest of us think about it. Well, here is one man's opinion.

First of all, does capital punishment do what it was supposedly instituted to do? Does it prevent crime any more than permanent imprisonment does? There is no way of knowing how many crimes have been avoided because the death penalty was attached to them. But we do know as a matter of cold statistics in places where the death penalty has been abolished there has been a drop in crime. The old idea that fear of death is an effective deterrent presumes that the average criminal operates according to normal rational standards. More likely, the habitual criminal is subconsciously seeking self-destruction. A flirtation with the death chamber may only goad him on.

The second argument against capital punishment that impresses me is that the possibility of error is always present, and after the death penalty has been administered, there is no way to rectify mistakes. But the very extremity of the death sentence seems to presume, logically if not assertively, that no mistake is possible. When one looks over the long history of the death sentence and considers all the horrible mistakes that were made—the saint burning at the stake, the philosopher condemned to drink poison, all these classic examples, plus how many millions of unknown victims—one is forced to conclude that a civilized society should make such mistakes legally impossible.

A third argument I find impressive is that the administration of justice is never carried out in a political or social vacuum. Judges and juries are always subject to the passions, prejudices and popular pressures of their time. I know that they try desperately not to be swayed by them and often they succeed, but I do not believe that we have any more right to expect heroic virtue from the judicial bench than from anywhere else.

Chessman's case, for example, has aroused partisans

all over the world, and the pressures on Governor Brown, for and against Chessman, have been tremendous. This kind of pressure is unavoidable. The same kind of pressure was unavoidable when both Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower had to consider the Rosenberg case. What is avoidable is the need for judge, jury, Governor or President to reach such a drastic, irrevocable decision. I wonder, for instance, whether the Rosenbergs would get the death sentence if they were tried today. And if they would not, is it because we are less judicious today than we were yesterday, or are we more judicious? . . . But whatever the answer, the Rosenbergs are dead now; there is no way to call them back to life.

Finally, though I am aware of the abstract argument for the State's right to take a life, I remain uneasy about the morality of capital punishment. Perhaps if it were true that society could be safe from the criminal only by killing, this argument would hold water. But aren't we reasonably capable these days of cutting such criminals off from normal life, as we do in the case of the violently insane? I am not convinced that the ultimate penalty is really necessary for the protection of society, and a cold-blooded killing that is not necessary, even if performed by a State executioner, strikes me as irrational. For that reason alone it is morally questionable.

Now, having said this much, let me add that I am fully aware of the depths to which human beings can sink. I know of the depravity and monstrosity that criminals are capable of and have some knowledge of the harm they can cause to innocent people. I can imagine with utter horror what could happen to one of my own children. And certainly I can imagine myself nursing such a spirit of vengeance that nothing but the supreme penalty would satisfy my feelings.

But it is not the purpose of the law to satisfy anyone's personal vengeance. Hard as the saying is to all of us when we are hurt or those close to us are hurt, vengeance belongs to the Lord. In a certain sense, law reflects the theological presuppositions of those who write it. A Christian society, even one which is Christian in the limited sense that we are Christian, can not look to the State to wreak the Lord's vengeance. Society might now feel that Christianity requires the elimination of capital punishment, as it ultimately eliminated human slavery, even though slavery as an institution was, and still is, abstractly defended by conscientious theologians. Certainly the Chessman case has forced us to think about these things. In that sense, it may be the "historical necessity" he says it is.

JOHN COGLEY.

HOME IS WHERE . . .

THE NEWEST thing about American domestic architecture is "the deal" and how it is approached. During the first half of February, in Arizona, the Tucson Home Builders Association put on its "Fifth Annual Parade of Homes." The most important exhibit was a line-up, along an attractive new subdivision street, of thirteen pristine houses—just completed, furnished, and landscaped—for sale, as is, to any qualified shopper.

It was startling and flattering to be offered, off the shelf, a product so large, complex and expensive as a house and garden priced between \$17,600 and \$25,900. Traditionally, family homing decisions and procedures have been more gradual and piecemeal. The atmosphere and character, and investment, in the olden family home grew organically over the years with the inhabitants, as they added and subtracted and altered their thoughts and tastes and activities, and their economic leverage.

At the Parade of Homes it was this year's model we were being sold, and the salesmen did not fail to suggest turning in (or selling out) equity in an old house for down payment on a new. The houses came in four different models: first, the very house we had here, or the identical thing on a lot in another subdivision; second the same without "optional" features; third, the same but with "standard" features only; and fourth, the house stripped down, "basic," to be placed "on your lot." The price differential from top to basic ranged from five or six thousand to eight or nine thousand dollars.

The impression sought appeared to be deliberately non-experimental: no one was to be scared away. Several decades of creeping modernism, however, have produced a different conformity, which might have been strange to our fathers buying a home thirty years ago. The houses were all one storey, built without basement on poured concrete. Hardwood floors have gone, and one walks on the foundation cement itself, or on vinyl and other tiling. All had carports flung wide, with storage rooms attached, and all had patios built integrally with the houses. They were provided with ducts to cool every room.

The "family room" seemed the focus of all the planning, and every house was "zoned" for different activities, decibels, and ages, with traffic preplanned logically. The "master" bedroom or suite was always disproportionately, unjustly grand, with tiny other bedrooms. There were skylights but no entrance halls, planters with quite handsome greenery but no servant rooms.

The assembly of appliances made up a very large

part of the worth and actuality of these houses. Laundries were not areas, usually, but simply appliances standing in kitchen or hall. T.V., of course, was built in, and Hi-Fi in the more expensive models. The kitchens themselves tended to be banks of machinery and of cantilevered cabinets rather than a distinctly culinary work room.

Perhaps it adds up to a new style and tradition, but, if so, it is still in transition—a compromise. Because the houses were one storey, evidently, their appearance follows older, cottagey fashions. Many had a step or two change of levels between various rooms for some dramatic and nostalgic purpose beyond function and safety. There was anarchic uncertainty about dining room, or alcove, or area; and likewise about "built-ins" or store-bought furniture, and about glass walls and sliding doors. The restrictive symmetry of the rectangle was conservatively adhered to. With few exceptions, cabinet work, detail, furniture and decoration reached back for ancestral solidities amidst the economies of modern machine manufacture.

The compromise is inhibiting. If these packaged houses do not appeal to a sense of immediate and transitory delight, they do not appeal at all. They are purely consumer goods with no hint of long-term productive purpose. They cannot embody our personal family history, nor our creative love for the society and materials of the environment. Stability is not really in the terms of the deal. People in the West (not much different from the East) move at an average of every four or five years.

Modern art and industry might concentrate upon the possible virtues of the modern, wayward way of life and make a new dwelling for pilgrims . . . with planned obsolescence amortized in half a dozen years. There is a new sort of asceticism involved, not yet encompassed in our architecture. It is a detachment from the specific: from the special material place or thing, and from any particular, persisting character and personality and community. In place of the old attachments, are a dependence upon the interchangeable components of comfort and efficiency—if possible, of luxury—and an amiable, untroubling and undemanding friendliness. At best this may lead to a lively freshness and gaiety in human contacts and in humane surroundings. The danger is superficiality, lightly bridging the depths which contain tragedy and charity. Very possibly, at this phase of our culture we should look to the motels flowering along the highways, and not to the houses built on superseded farms, for the style of the transient homes that are to come.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

Novels of A Religious Man

by SAM HYNES

"I THINK of myself," William Golding said recently, "as a religious man." This is in itself not a very unusual statement; there must be many novelists who, in their private hearts, think of themselves as religious. But Golding is unusual, perhaps unique among English novelists, in the degree to which his religiousness informs the fabric of his novels. For the English novel has not been, traditionally, a medium for the expression of religious ideas; its strength has been rather in its representation of society. The English, it has been said, are afraid of metaphysics, and this is nowhere clearer than in their fiction: they have their Fielding and their Dickens, but they have no Dostoevski, no Melville, no Mann, no Camus.

Or at least they didn't have until Golding appeared; by which I don't mean to suggest that Golding has achieved what these great masters achieved, but simply that he shares with them certain basic and "un-English" themes, that like them he is concerned not with man in relation to society, but with man in relation to his universe, and to himself. The problems which are central in his novels are the eternal questions of the religious man: the nature of good and evil, guilt and responsibility, the meaning of death, and free will. His concern with such questions, and the ways which he has found to pose these questions in fiction, set him apart from other English novelists, and make his work both interesting and important.

The essential technical problem for a "religious novelist" is a simple one (though the answer is far from simple). The form which religious fiction has traditionally taken in English literature is allegory—as in *Everyman* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. Allegory has the advantage of being clear and easily interpreted; but it has the disadvantage of being dead. Except for the odd beast fable, like Orwell's *Animal Farm*, it has not been a possible form for fiction since Bunyan. The modern reader expects in his fiction a surface of literal action, credible characters, and a believable human situation, and allegory provides none of these. But on the other hand, if the religious novelist is to realize his theme lucidly and wholly, he must find a way of avoiding the clutter and irrelevance of ordinary existence, of what Forster called "the world of telegrams and anger."

Mr. Hynes, a frequent contributor to these pages, is a member of the faculty at Swarthmore.

Golding has attacked this problem in a number of ingenious ways; indeed his technical ingenuity is in itself enough to make his work worth reading in a time when novelistic technique seems otherwise to have come pretty much to a halt. In his first three novels, Golding isolated his characters either in time or in space, placing them in primitive situations from which the telegrams and anger would quite naturally be excluded, and in which the immediate problem would be simply survival. Then by manipulating action and symbols, he made it clear that survival must be taken to mean more than the preservation of life; the castaway on his island might first ask "What must I do to be saved?" and mean it quite literally, but he could not prevent the question expanding to its full religious dimensions.

By carefully preserving the primitive simplicity of the literal action, Golding was able to create in these three books narratives which are essentially myths, which strike through to the deepest roots of our existence—to fear, to hunger, and to the will to survive. And because these roots are universally in men, he has managed through them to give fictional form to religious themes, and to make them at once immediate and timeless. For it is through myths, after all, that the substance of religious belief is most directly communicated.

GOLDING'S first novel, *Lord of the Flies*, is the story of a plane-load of choir boys, being evacuated from some unspecified war, who crash on an uninhabited island, and of their efforts to survive in a world without adults or the rules of adults. Golding has used the framework, and the innocent expectations, of a boys' adventure story (the boys in the novel recognize the similarity of their situation to that in Ballantyne's *Coral Island*), but has turned the whole thing upside down, by adding the one element which boys in adventure stories never have—evil, the will to destroy.

As the boys begin to realize their situation, they begin to regress from the civilized, rational actions of a human society to the savage and irrational actions of a pack. The process by which the choir boys become murderous, blood-thirsty animals is a terrifying one, and it is most terrifying because one sees that the savages existed all the time, under the choir robes, and

that the conflict which the novel sets between "the world of hunting, tactics, fierce exhilaration, skill" and "the world of longing and baffled commonsense" is a fundamental human struggle which never ends. The story, that is to say, is a myth of man's dual nature.

No intelligent reader would have much trouble taking the novel this far, but Golding would like the interpretation of the myth to be even more specific. For example, he places on the top of his island's mountain a dead parachutist; the boys, seeing the body and the billowing chute in half-light, think it some hideous monster, "the Beast," and fear it and make blood sacrifices to it. One may be momentarily troubled by the probability of the parachutist's being up there, but symbolically the Beast works very well; it is important, for instance, that the Beast should be in reality human, for what the boys fear is in fact in themselves. But Golding apparently meant even more than this; in a recent interview he described the body on the mountain as representing "history, the past," though it is hard to see how a reader could arrive at such a conclusion. Similarly, he would wish us to understand of a boy called Simon, who has a vision in which the Beast tells him, "I'm part of you," who discovers what the Beast really is, and who is orgiastically murdered by the other boys when he tries to tell them the truth, that he is Simon-called-Peter, a saint, "somebody who voluntarily embraces his fate." But this is putting a great deal of weight on a name, and without the specific association the meaning of Simon's knowledge and death is clear enough. These examples give some indication of the density with which Golding has constructed his myths; but they also indicate a danger which must be always present for the myth-maker—the temptation to impose local and arbitrary meanings beyond what the myth will bear.

Golding has said, "I don't think there's any point in writing two books that are like each other," and so far he has managed in each of his books to set himself a new and difficult technical problem. If the problem of *Lord of the Flies*—to make a myth of human duality which will at the same time be a true version of school-boy consciousness—seems difficult, the problem of his second novel, *The Inheritors*, seems impossible. For here he assumed as his point of view the pre-consciousness of Neanderthal man.

These creatures, "the people" as they call themselves, are first seen seeking survival in a new hunting-ground. There they discover, for the first time, "the new people," men, and are in the end destroyed by them. The people, being pre-human, are essentially instinctual, and use their minds only with great difficulty; they are the innocent. The new people can use their minds to reason, to make weapons and utensils, and to kill; they are the inheritors of paradise, human and therefore touched by evil and guilt. One might say

that the novel is an alternative Garden of Eden myth, using the materials of anthropology instead of the Book of Genesis—a myth in which the Original Sin is man's first premeditated act.

Golding handles his Neanderthal point of view with superlative skill, and as a *tour de force* the novel is a brilliant technical achievement. But the reader must not be lulled into thinking that this is all irrelevant far-away-and-long-ago whimsy; and to make this point clear Golding shifts, in the last chapter, from the last innocent creature, grieving alone, to one of the new people, whose mind, full of anxieties, fears, and lust, and haunted by the death of innocence, we must recognize as our own.

WHEN Golding changed the title of his third novel from *Pincher Martin* in the English edition to *The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin* in the American, he seemed to be acknowledging a weakness in the conception of the book. For though the book is about two deaths—a material one and a spiritual one—this is not made clear until the very last sentence of the novel, at which point one is compelled to go back and re-read the book in the light of the new information.

What happens is this: as the novel begins, a man is struggling in the sea, where he has apparently been blown from his torpedoed destroyer. He is determined to survive; he goes through the proper survival procedure—kicks off his sea boots and inflates his life jacket—and at last reaches a barren rock, on which he attempts to save himself. The rest of the novel is an account of his efforts at survival there, interspersed with flashbacks to his past. We gradually learn that he is an entirely vicious man, one who devours experience and people, a depraved appetite of a man, and we recognize a certain appropriateness in his hungry fate on the tooth-like rock, as he is gradually reduced, by exposure to the elements and to the truth of his own nature, from humanity to a pair of hideous, lobster-like claws.

Then, in the last chapter, a naval officer visits a remote Scottish island to pick up a body which has been washed ashore; the body is Pincher Martin's. An old fisherman asks the officer if the dead man had suffered, and the officer replies, "He didn't even have time to kick off his seaboots." But we thought we saw him kick them off on page two. This means that everything from that page on that we have been taking as a literal survival story has happened in fact *after* Martin's death, and must be taken as an account of another kind of attempt at survival, the survival of a soul before God.

Martin is a pincher, a devourer, and even after death he is determined to preserve his mortal identity. Martin's torments on the rock, then, are the torments of a soul as it is stripped to its essential nature—symbolized for Pincher Martin by the terrible lobster

claws. In his last scene, he sees God in the figure of a great sailor, who asks him, "What do you believe in?" "The thread of my life," Martin answers. God says, "Consider," and Martin retorts, "I will not consider! I have created you and I can create my own heaven." To which God replies, "You have created it." The rock and the lobster claws are Pincher Martin's eternity.

The Two Deaths of Christopher Martin is the most difficult of Golding's books, perhaps because it is the most mythic and symbolic, perhaps because eschatology is the most difficult aspect of religious belief. It is a satisfying book, in the way that a profound and intricate poem is satisfying—that is, it requires effort, but it also rewards effort, and one acknowledges that the difficulty is necessary to the subject.

AMONG Golding's first three novels there is a certain obvious kinship; they are all "religious," they are all deeply serious, and they are all quite remote from the traditional forms of the English novel. *Free Fall*, his latest novel, has some of these attributes, but not all of them, and where it is least like the others it is least successful. *Free Fall* is, unlike the first three, a novel of more or less ordinary modern English society; the narrator, Sammy Mountjoy, is a painter who has risen from a slum to a position of professional success, and we see this rise at various stages—his early childhood, his school life, his first love affair, his imprisonment as a prisoner of war. So far, it sounds like just one more novel in the maturing-of-a-sensibility school, like *Of Human Bondage* or *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. But *Free Fall* is different in this, that it is, like Golding's previous novels, an investigation of a religious concept—in this case, as the title suggests, freedom and the loss of freedom through sin. Sammy looks back on his experience, asking "When did I lose my freedom?" and after each remembered scene asks "Here? Not here" until he reaches the recognition scene, in which he learns that in his freedom he has destroyed another human being.

Although *Free Fall* is much more of a history than any of Golding's other novels, it is not organized chronologically, but ranges back and forth over Sammy's past as he thinks back to his lost freedom. This organization rarely seems to have any structural necessity, and is sometimes simply confusing; it seems, in fact, to be a gratuitous difficulty thrown in to do the work of the genuine, organic difficulty of the earlier books. But a more basic weakness is that there is not, in the history of Sammy Mountjoy, any mythic pattern to give to the difficulty order and significance. The events of his life are only events, and his own philosophical comments on them seem pretentious and shallow substitutes for the direct meaning of symbolic action.

One might trace the failure of *Free Fall* back to Golding's statement that there is no point in writing two books that are like each other. Apparently Golding has taken this principle to mean that no two books should be in any formal way alike; the result is that he has forced his talent out into the world of the social novel, a world in which it is obviously not at home. Because Golding's is a robust and marvelously inventive talent this brief excursion out of its element is not likely to hurt it much—indeed, it probably helps a serious and gifted writer to know by experience what he can't do well. The knowledge should not depress him or us; no novelist can do everything, and Golding must certainly find solace in the fact that he can do brilliantly what no one else writing in England can do at all—he can write the novels of a religious man.

EXTREME UNCTION

(For Father Daniel J. Sheehan, S.S.J.)

The damsel was exceeding beautiful and slept with the king and served him; but the king did not know her.
3 kings 1:4

seal my lips now with burning coals
and kiss me into sleep

quit kindly
forehead fingertips and toes, these
five and fulsome wound-prints deep

sprinkle me with hyssop eyes ears
mouth and nose; all the strong
swelling muscles of my manhood keep

spoil me with chrism lavender myrrh
and rose; attend to me warm but do
not weep

No more ambrosia of breasts
nectar of thighs only woes sackcloth
and ashes on a dung-heap

lost
smells and tastes beyond delight then
gently close the windows on forever
I shall never reap

tongue that bore
the light yoke and sweet burden of
nos crammed into a world of song

now and again sweep the last devils
out of my loins and no harm for o I
long to rest now

reach out and touch
my beloved's tender mighty right and
holy holy holy arm

JOE FRATTALI.

MARCH 18, 1960

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THE SCREEN

UNDER A WIDE AND STARRY SKY

ALTHOUGH "Home from the Hill" can't make up its mind whether it wants to be a soap opera about a long-suffering family or a serious study of two stepbrothers, the film is interesting from beginning to end. In spite of many sentimental and melodramatic episodes about a confused Southern family whose main troubles stem from the lusty father's considering himself the local Don Juan, the characterizations of the two young men are very well developed. The stepbrothers were brought up quite differently; the elder of the two is an unacknowledged illegitimate son who is treated as a hired hand while the younger son is the pampered darling of his bickering parents. Nonetheless, each of the boys longs for affection and stability and the rightful position for himself *and the other* in the small town where their ram-bunctious father owns the biggest and the best.

Robert Mitchum plays the father's role very well, with just the right display of vitality, thoughtless conceit and willful determination to have his own way. As his two sons, George Hamilton and George Peppard, both handsome young men and both fairly new to movies, are excellent. Peppard portrays the elder son as strong but gentle, a great lover of nature and hunting, conditioned to accepting second-best but not bitter—and quite willing to follow his father's instruction to keep an eye on his half-brother. Hamilton makes the seventeen-year-old a restless, gawky lad, sensitive to his unhappy home, anxious to please his domineering father, yet angry with him for not accepting the patient and likable Peppard as his son.

The film's weaknesses lie mostly in the roles played by women: Eleanor Parker, as Mitchum's cold and resentful wife who has not "lived" with her philandering husband since her son was born, and Luana Patten, as an empty-headed town girl who falls in love with Hamilton, becomes pregnant by him and then marries Peppard. The thinness of these characterizations is due more to the script written from William Humphrey's novel than to faults on the part of the two actresses, who are not particularly well cast in the first place and who are not given too much help by Director Vincente Minnelli, for his staging throughout the film is peculiarly uneven. Some scenes are straight overacted melodrama, and then again, some, like the hunting and chase sequences in the woods or the outdoor episodes in the small town, are done with extraordinary strength and beauty. Well-photographed in color in Mississippi and Texas, "Home from the Hill" isn't especially "Southern" in atmosphere, but it has succeeded very well in catching the relationships

between the haves and have-nots in a small town. Best of all, it has caught the relationships among the three men so well that the picture almost seems good.

MAKING LITTLE attempt to hide its soap-opera qualities is "The Wind Cannot Read," an English film about a pair of star-crossed lovers which is somewhat reminiscent of "Waterloo Bridge" and "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing." Dirk Bogarde, as a war-weary and grounded R.A.F. pilot, is sent to Delhi in 1943 with several other British officers to learn Japanese so they can interrogate prisoners. Teaching one of the courses is a lovely exiled Japanese girl (Yoko Tani) whose winning ways charm Dirk completely. They visit bazaars together between lessons, and in no time at all he loves her cute nose and she loves his elfin ears. During a two-weeks-leave in Jaipur, they secretly marry (in spite of Service rules on this) and after their return to Delhi are idyllically happy, although the winsome bride has severe headaches that portend disaster. Sure enough, while Dirk is away at the Burma front, being captured and tortured by the enemy, his wife falls seriously ill. Dirk thereupon escapes, rushing to the Delhi General Hospital in time to declare his love again to his dying wife: "I will carry your gentleness, your sweetness all my life . . . all my life." Seldom has so much goo been poured into one handsome picture. "The Wind Cannot Read," which was beautifully photographed in color in India, runs for almost two hours of unadulterated slush and then uses death to end the miscegenation theme at the very point when it gets interesting.

DEFINITELY not a soap opera, unless you'd so classify *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is a new import from Japan called "Angry Island" (Kajikko). It hardly seems possible that this story of boys sold into slavery is based on actual events which took place less than thirty years ago; although attractively photographed in color and CinemaScope on a barren and rocky island of Japan's Inland Sea, this is certainly no pleasant tale. It recounts the way in which boys from reformatories and poor parents were sold to fishermen who used the surly underprivileged youngsters as rowers and treated them like animals. The film is full of appalling brutalities, and while one can no longer get worked up over a dead issue, "Angry Island" would move even the stony-hearted with its portrait of man's inhumanity to man. The acting is at times naive, but the picture has a simple documentary aspect that adds to its reality, especially when the welfare and police officers arrive and investigate conditions on the island. More a tract than an entertainment movie, "Angry Island" still merits attention wherever and whenever poverty drives men to desperate measures.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

FORECAST

CALIGULA proposes that image of fate as a dreadful freedom which gave to the Camus conscience its tragic reverberation. And it is as conscience, surely—a moment in moral realism—that it must command us; not as language, history, drama, nor even, in this variously lush and literal production, distinguished theater.

Toys in the Attic extends the rectitude and intransigence of Miss Lillian Hellman's later method into something very like spiritual fantasy, overdeveloped undeniably, but suggesting, if not the flush of life, an intimation of its pressure and the insistent toll of its past.

The Deadly Game is an adaptation—not quite, that is, the Duerrenmatt Thing *en plein*—but the systematic predictability of its meditations on responsibility, guilt and *We Are All Murderers* should satisfy those who feel the need for such assurance.

Henry IV, Part I salvages the near disaster of the Phoenix season with an enterprise of masculine force and vitality, though insufficiently shaded as but one panel in Shakespeare's genre masterpiece of political and social realism.

A Thurbur Carnival, like Mrs. Quist at her Doctor's, is not my patient, but my meat: a gaggle of unicorns and toads, all imaginary, in real gardens.

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE STATUS OF WOMEN"

Bryans Road, Md.

TO THE EDITORS: I thought that G. K. Chesterton's Miss Pankhurst, the British feminist, was dead until I read Norma Krause Herzfeld's solemn and protesting account of woman's inferior status around the globe [Feb. 5]. Her article has the familiar blue-stocking seriousness and unimaginativeness that provoked some of G. K.'s. best sallies on the subject of women.

That women are mistreated and oppressed in other lands, the underdeveloped countries particularly, is a fact which cannot be disputed. They should be liberated from their present condition. But in the United States women have a problem that Mrs. Herzfeld would worsen. Women need here to regain their dignity. By seeking to emulate men, a vulgar, gregarious, and naturally lazy sex, women in America have lost their identity. Anyone who, like Chesterton, has a passion for

things being themselves does not want to see women become man-like or vice versa.

I recommend to Mrs. Herzfeld's earnest, but not too earnest, attention Mr. Chesterton's little book entitled *What's Wrong with the World*, and especially the essays "Wisdom and the Weather" and "The Emancipation of Domesticity." In G.K.'s day there were no trouser-wearing matrons and gang-running maidens, such as throng our streets; but women really haven't changed, and it's still true as he said: "There are only three things in the world that women do not understand; and they are Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

LUCILE D. SISSON.

"RULES FOR THE DIALOGUE"

Boston, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: For the most part nothing but praise can be given the article by Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, "Rules for the Dialogue" [Feb. 19]. Its candor, sincerity and practicality are beyond question. There is one point, however, which illustrates a number of things, among them the impossibility of saying everything in a periodical article and the misunderstanding which can easily arise from the true but nonetheless simplistic statement. In this connection the following sentence from the article is surely rather blunt. "There is no half-way house, for example, between believing (a) that the Pope is infallible, and (b) that the Pope is not infallible."

It is not my contention that the statement is false as it stands, but the term half-way house is misleading. It suggests that the question is simple and perfectly clear. As a Roman Catholic I believe the Pope to be infallible but this is only the beginning. It must be made clear in any dialogue about this topic the guarantees against arbitrary use incorporated in the constitution *Pastor Aeternus*. To get this far is only to scratch the surface of understanding. One must then attempt to discover what the mind of the Bishops was at the Vatican Council, which ones were solidly behind papal infallibility, which ones were for it but with cautions and which ones thought it not a propitious time to make such a doctrine a dogma of the Church and said so without any reservations. More significant than this is the opinion of the German bishops who issued a *Rundbrief* in Jan. 1875. In answer to the criticism that the decree of infallibility made the Bishops nothing more than passive instruments of papal caprice twenty-one German prelates, including three Archbishops, very correctly pointed out that in the Church, quite unlike the government of a secular state, the Pope "stands under divine law and is bound by the ordinances given by Christ to His Church" and, further, that "the Bishops are not simply tools of the Papacy, nor papal functionaries without personal re-

sponsibility but, on the contrary, are established by the Holy Ghost, represent the Apostles and feed and govern as true shepherds the flocks entrusted to them." (Cf. *Irenikon*, Vol. XXIX, pp. 145-146, 1956).

There is also the important issue of the Vatican Council's unfinished business. This is not to intimate that sometime in the future another Ecumenical Council will abrogate the declaration of 1870 but it certainly does mean that many of the issues shelved for the time when the Council was adjourned and many of those arising out of the debate over the interpretation of *Pastor Aeternus* are open for reconsideration, discussion and possible definition at some ecumenical council yet to be held.

In brief, Dr. Brown's article is an excellent beginning and his insistence on adequate preparation (which I understand to mean hard work in terms of reading and studying with understanding) cannot be emphasized too much. The Ecumenical Movement, whether Catholic or Protestant, has had quite enough of the wouldn't-it-be-nice-to-get-together atmosphere which, unfortunately, has been the only contribution of many of its adherents up to this point. S. J. MILLER.

"DE GAULLE AND THE BOMB"

New York, N.Y.

TO THE EDITORS: At about this same time last year I felt obliged to point out in a letter to The Commonweal that M. Barrat systematically misrepresented de Gaulle's attempt to bring a "liberal" and satisfactory solution to the Algerian situation and to France's African involvements in general. Long before May 13, 1958, M. Barrat's mind had been made up that de Gaulle was either a fascist or a tool of fascism, and that he would crush democracy in France. Events since then have proved that M. Barrat's alarm was not justified, and that a more stable and strong State has replaced the shameful chaos known as the Fourth Republic. That democracy has not been damaged is shown by the fact that the writings of M. Barrat may appear in the press, and that Sartre's *Les Temps Modernes* may, on its pages, incite the soldiers to desert the French Army.

It is true that the Algerian war is not ended, whereas, if M. Barrat and his friends at *L'Express* and *France-Observateur* had their way, the French would have pulled out long ago, abandoning the European community and their Moslem supporters (the majority of the population) in exchange for a vague "cultural presence." But M. Barrat has chosen the next best way, that of discrediting de Gaulle whenever possible, and with him France's efforts to remain, if not a great power, at least one which still counts in the eyes of enemies and allies.

Outside the Algerian war the meaty issue is the

Bomb. The General, like any responsible statesman, thinks ahead of the present situation and reckons with the possibility that one day—perhaps quite soon—the United States might pull out its forces from Western Europe. As it was disastrous for the France of 1940 not to be equipped with armored divisions (as then Colonel de Gaulle had advocated that she should), so it would be in the 1960's not to maintain armament at its latest—nuclear—level of development.

But in the eyes of M. Barrat these are not honest objectives. He calls the French bomb an "atomic gadget," a "consolation prize offered to the Army for the inevitable loss of Algeria." He invites his country—and quotes in support, as if by chance, a writer from *L'Express*—to renounce testing and thereby win that "prestige" instead of which, as everybody except M. Barrat knows, it prefers the camp of the powerful.

It would take an article to answer M. Barrat, to calm down his indignation over the Sahara tests which he calls a "crime against humanity," or to teach him the facts of political life by suggesting that whether France will have her bomb or not, the other countries are going to proceed with theirs, etc. But, of course, M. Barrat, who nurtures so lovingly his suspicion of de Gaulle and the French Army, believes with a baby's trusting innocence in the "détente between the Soviet and the West." Why should France be a spoilsport, indeed, when "the labors of the experts at Geneva have continued to show progress" and when the "summit meetings this spring could be devoted to the definitive renunciation by the Big Three of any further uncontrolled production or testing of thermonuclear devices?"

THOMAS MOLNAR.

"CATHOLICS AND THE PRESIDENCY"

Brussels, Belgium

TO THE EDITORS: The lead editorial in the Jan. 1 issue is out of this world in that it suggests that the question is not "Can Kennedy become our next President?" but the basic issue, "Are Catholics 2nd grade citizens?" That is the only issue and those who raise the so-called Roman issue are doing it to hide the basic and only issue.

At the beginning of the U.S. Occupation of Japan (1945-46), I was touring the country on behalf of SCAP making speeches on democracy. In northern Japan a Communist followed our party and at the end of every speech he rose to ask three questions: "Can a Jew become President? Can a Catholic become President? Can a woman become President?" As I could only reply in the negative, he destroyed the speech. If Jack Kennedy runs and is defeated on the religious issue, there could be no greater victory for Communist propaganda than the 2nd grade status of women, Jews, and Catholics.

RICHARD L. G. DEVERALL.

The Art of Spiritual Direction

COUNSELLING THE CATHOLIC. By George Hagmaier, C.S.P., and Robert W. Gleason, S.J. Sheed & Ward. \$4.50.

By ROBERT W. HOVDA

EVERY VITAL aspect of the Church's life today is characterized by a new recognition of an old dimension. It is the dimension of the person, of the finite, of this world, and our recognition of it is new only in its quality. Impressively evident in the Gospels, it has been revived in our time at the insistence of many factors, among them what Karl Stern has called "The Third Revolution."

So there has been generated a profound and sweet dissatisfaction. The Church is no longer content with a liturgical act that is objectively perfect. Now we realize that this act must also be common prayer. We see the person. Catholics, as Cardinal Lercaro points out in the January issue of *The Catholic Mind*, are now suspicious of the validity of a notion of religious toleration which holds it to be a political expedient. And, without diminishing the eternity or objectivity of truth, we amend our ways by taking into account the *free* act by which the individual discovers and accepts truth.

That a similar development is occurring in the sphere of moral theology and priestly counsel is the happy message of this important book. Fathers Hagmaier and Gleason have discovered no new moral principles. But they have discovered—and they communicate their discoveries lucidly, directly, expertly—that the human being's attempt to apply moral principles to his life can and must be understood, thanks to dynamic psychology, in a vastly superior way.

Their introduction seconds Father Noel Mailloux's plea that we improve the art of spiritual direction by seeking to give it "the necessary empirical basis it is still awaiting." Intended chiefly for priests and seminarians, the book will be of

considerable interest to other counsellors and, indeed, to the millions who have grappled with one or more of the problems discussed.

Father Hagmaier, writing on counselling theory and technique, is complemented, in the second part of the book, by Father Gleason's treatment of strictly moral aspects. "We priests who deal daily with the most intimate and complex human concerns must become far more sensitive than we have been to the influence of those forces which are largely or wholly psychological in nature." So the initial chapter is a strong statement of the influence of human emotions on thinking and volition, including incidentally an attack on the use of such emotionally-charged words as "self-abuse," "rendering the debt," "pollution," "impure thoughts," "indecent parts."

Freedom, liberty, responsibility, cannot be equated with clear consciousness in any automatic way. To prove this, the author goes through the commandments pointing out ways in which the superego, and psychological attitudes, may be related to particular sins—explaining by example how complex human motivation can be. Separate chapters on masturbation, homosexuality, alcoholism, and scrupulosity (with corresponding chapters on the first three in the moral section) treat the compassionate and

listening priest's duty to the penitent, the danger of judging rashly regarding the gravity of the sin, common psychological problems associated with each, and the fact that they may be primarily psychiatric and only secondarily moral problems.

Among the characteristics of the modern world tending toward an unhealthy sense of insecurity, they list with typical forthrightness the uncertainties of military service and the threat of contemporary weapons. Throughout the book they combat calmly and surely certain clerical faults: the "hunch" that mental illness can be cured by a spiritual jacking up; the still not uncommon suspicion of psychiatry and dynamic psychology (which maintains that the self-knowledge these sciences allow actually produces greater responsibility in the person); the failure to make a distinction between conceptual cognition and "evaluative" cognition in assessing gravity of sin.

The importance of referral to proper agencies (Appendix II lists facilities available for almost every type of disorder), the primacy of love and acceptance in the priest's relation to the sufferer, the priest's advantages (independence, secrecy, no fees) and obstacles (authority, prestige) in this essential work—discussions of such topics make one hope that this or similar future works will be utilized as at least a companion to every Moral Theology course in the country.

Moralist Without an Ideal

THE WAYWARD WIFE AND OTHER STORIES. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$3.95.

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

IT IS not perhaps by accident that Alberto Moravia has become Italy's most internationally acclaimed contemporary novelist and that he should at the same time be a maverick in Italian letters. For one

thing, Italian writing had so long stood shy of the main literary currents to the north, whereas Moravia has channeled these into his work with a will; for another, he has allowed himself to become obsessed with sex to a degree which can only be viewed as eccentric in a country where a sense of measure survives in the general approach to the problems of sex. Moreover, the esthetic conservatism of Benedetto Croce still lies heavily on the ar-

biters of literary taste in Italy, and in stringently literary terms. Moravia is not a writer of major note.

But of course his reception abroad has not primarily been, as in fact it could hardly be, a literary appreciation; rather has it been, with inevitable irony, a recognition of a distinctly contemporary yet signally Italian temperament and sensibility. This is the same type of irony by which the uniquely American characteristics of many of our writers have been translated back to us from France, and these are the qualities, together with his highly dramatic conception of character, which underlie Moravia's extraordinary narrative powers.

Lust and passion, operating on a destructive principle, and their irreversible depredatory patterns, form the substance and economy of Moravia's art; but the artist is indifferent to the spiritual mystery of evil in itself. In his world it is merely the most dramatic expression of a universe where chaos reigns and futility rules. And if there are ideas in his novels they are ideas in scrawl, shifting with the emphasis of the times.

Moravia is a moralist without an ideal. What is more irreconcilable artistically, he is a psychologist without much subtlety; so it is even when he is treating such delicate sexual themes as those of *Agostino* and *Luca*—two of his most moving narratives—where complexity is too often indistinguishable from contrivance. (One need simply recall the part played in *Luca* by the child's discovery of the family safe concealed behind the picture of the Madonna.) Moravia's tendency is to resolve everything in terms of story over and above characterization, with the result that there is more simplifying than resolving.

Now, at last, the volume at hand. The tales in *The Wayward Wife*—they are tales more than stories—are all absorbing, though none may be so impressive as such earlier ones as *The Unfortunate Lover*. Not the fluent regional colors of *Roman Tales* but duller tones prevail. The story of the title, nearly novel length, is so top-heavy with old-fashioned plotting that one must

despair of making the slightest dent in its intricacies by relating that it concerns a young lady whose dream of marrying into a wealthy family is dashed by the revelation that she is the illegitimate offspring of the father of the young man who had been rejoicing her with his attentions.

Although here somewhat tenderized, the author is an unsentimental dissector of womankind, and by this quality, as by a certain melancholy charm, the thing is sustained decently above bathos. In the balancing vignettes the Moravian slice of life comes off as a side of beef (see jacket front), with love profane and/or professional, and the author having raffish satisfaction of the carnal automaton in the male, while sending his harpoon at young beauties so statuesque they even make love like statues.

As a story writer, Moravia is not constrained by the fact that we expect, as we do of a novelist, something more than a good story; and his imagination, always as formidable as it is facile, is free to follow its native propensities and to construct a completely tactile world. Here he is a species of cynical genius, an etcher of sadistic intensity.

Sad and Sterile

TWO WEEKS IN ANOTHER TOWN.
By Irwin Shaw. Random. \$4.95.

By RICHARD GILMAN

WE SHED our sicknesses in our books, D. H. Lawrence wrote, but there are novelists like Irwin Shaw who seem able only to restate their maladies in each successive work. This sad, sterile, absolutely immobile talent has a medical dossier that reads like this: immaturity; false (or Hollywood-engendered) vitality; melancholia; concern with popularity; arrest at the second or possibly third most superficial level of the Zeitgeist; an ear for talk but not speech; a vision of love that delineates its ape.

Nothing can be done for him;

there is no cure for pseudo-creativity, and what is the point of trying to alleviate the pain of an imagination impaled on mediocrity and nevertheless obsessed with raising monuments to the spike through its breast? If the ordeal were truly representative of the human condition . . . but it is only representative of the plight of certain authors of best-selling novels.

For some years now Shaw has been living and writing in Europe, a one-man revival of the age of the expatriates, a road-show which lacks the old-time bravado and sense of fertile insecurity while exuding a handed-down atmosphere of disenchantment and "where-are-my-roots" philosophizing.

His new novel is set in Rome, and this Rome, not surprisingly, is an Eternal City of gossip-columnist proportions and coloration, where lithe Italian movie actresses literally "prowl like caged tigers," half-cynical Americans become wholly cynical without having understood anything and shoddy little insights are seen as the effects on one's spirit of Rome's visible centuries of stone and manners.

The two weeks are spent in this "other town" by Jack Andrus, a fortyish American who has some sort of job with N.A.T.O. in Paris but who had been in his youth a well-known movie star of an off-beat, Montgomery Clift kind. Summoned to Rome by the producer-director (John Huston?) with whom he made his early "exciting" pictures, in order to rescue the latter's current film—an attempt to recoup a lost reputation—Andrus enters on a fortnight whose experiences carry him far beyond the simple stint of dubbing the lines of the film's alcoholic leading man.

The twin crises of middle-age—those centering on a man's feelings about his work and about his wife—lay hold of him in this city of youth, good looks and flashy opportunity. In a series of events that mount in melodramatic intensity as they diminish in credibility and imaginative value, he tests himself against temptation, its two most seductive manifestations being a beautiful Italian girl with "liquid

dark eyes" who throws herself inexplicably into his bed, and the chance to enter once more the fabulous world of full-time movie-making. He comes out all right.

Andrus is an exceptionally unrealized figure, not much more than Shaw's *doppelganger*, but with nothing mysterious or fatal about him, a character who exists in novels like this one as a container and arena for the author's emotions and attitudes, which he has not been able to transmute into objectively imaged equivalents.

And everything else in *Two Weeks in Another Town*—its judgments about Rome's qualities, its set-pieces in restaurants, boudoirs and movie studios, its dream sequences wherein the hero is offered oblique clues to his destiny—suffers from the same deadly reliance upon impressions that have not been made to yield up their true value, experiences that have been apprehended by a sensibility unavowedly rooted in convention, and energy that has not been liberated from a close, arid and lugubrious self-embrace.

More Alienation

THE CENTER OF THE GREEN. By John Bowen. McDowell, Obolensky. \$3.50.

By MAX COSMAN

ENGLISH novels these days seem to be strongly set on achieving verisimilitude. It is therefore not surprising that *The Center of the Green*, even as it gives evidence of the poetic apprehension which stamps a book as creative, should read like a documentary or social worker's case.

The immediate reason, of course, is that the Baker family about whom Mr. Bowen is reporting has more than its share of disturbed personalities. The Colonel, to start with the one least aberrant, is a retired soldier whose absence in the last war, coinciding as it has with an aging of spirit, has lost him contact not only with his children but with his wife.

If he has no urgent feelings about her, neither has she any about him. Always oriented toward her children—there are three of them, sons—she now definitely has no need of him other than as an object for those attentions with which duty disguises itself as regard.

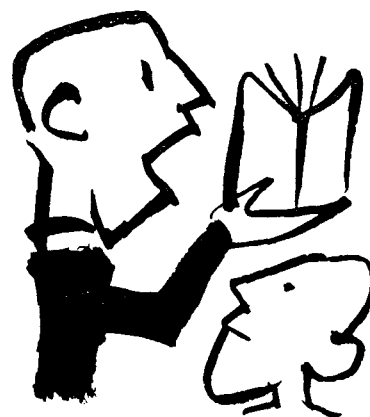
Charles, the first of the sons presented in detail, is, it would seem, impotent. Why he is so is not made clear, and yet this lack of explanation or motivation, chronic in the novel, does not impinge too heavily on us, perhaps because Mr. Bowen's episodic narrative requires just such an *in medias res* treatment. The fact which remains is that Charles is unable to form meaningful relations with those about him. His attempt to kill himself and his subsequent experiences with group therapy form a notable sequence in the book.

Julian, another of the sons, is an apostate to the normal in a different way. Afflicted with satyriasis he apparently has no ability to realize himself other than in the seduction of females, preferably young ones. It is not as if his behavior is really a reaction to failure on the part of his wife Penny. Her acceptance of the child he has fathered on their landlord's daughter indicates that, despite her being a career woman, she would not have been incapable of a traditional role had it been required of her.

Out of these people and their compulsions—Mrs. Baker, for example, is jealous of any *rapprochement* between the Colonel and the children; Julian, Iago-like, wants to shock the Colonel—Mr. Bowen, whose credits include a couple of novels, television and radio plays, and some literary criticism, has composed a pattern of human fallibility.

Though it is original, it is not unique. At the risk of falling into docketing and definition, stodgy businesses, as Mr. Brown once called them, one must point out that it fits in with those works that have appeared recently from the pens of, say, John Wain, A. E. Ellis, Walter Allen, William Golding, and John Braine. Certainly it resembles them in irony and social implication, and

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particularly in what can only be referred to as a clinical concern with the individual.

The Center of the Green also includes a treatment of familiar themes. There is the one about the desperation of those who are unattached. Another, the converse, is the unhappiness of such as are bound to each other and therefore unhappy. The most pathetic, however, if gradations are important in this matter, is that of growing old sans honor, sans love, sans obedience, sans troops of friends.

"Any novel that begins to approach greatness," J. B. Priestley assures us, "must be something more than a close imitation of a chronicle or memoirs, no matter how deceptively true it appears to be." That "something more," if anyone should want to qualify *The Center of the Green* for the given distinction, must include Mr. Bowen's camera-eye for settings. Descriptions of his like that of the hospital ward or Hyde Park stay with you. And so does his dialogue. His rendition of admen in conference or a group engaged in psychiatric

self-help has a quality as imaginative as it is tape-recorded.

It all comes to another contribution to the literature of perturbation and withdrawal. Fraught with the still, sad music of humanity, it is perhaps stiller and sadder than in Wordsworth's day because its players in one note or another show an alienation, a groping through existence with no more than an existentialism ("once you start thinking about life, it's hard to find much point in it") or a stoic gentility ("chaps ought to finish well") to stead them.

And neither of these considerations, as we know, is enough.

REVIEWERS

Father Robert Hovda is on the faculty at The Catholic University of America.

William Dunlea is a free-lance critic living in New York.

Richard Gilman, a poet and critic, is a regular contributor.

Max Cosman is a frequent contributor to critical and scholarly journals.

ART

Where Do We Go From Here?

THE EAGER public acceptance of Abstract Expressionism and the sort of spontaneous combustion of this "informal art" that seems to have taken place among young artists in this country has led to a reaction almost simultaneous with the acceptance and practice. Hardly had this style emerged in full bloom when people began to ask "What next?" and the most common attitude has been "Yes, but. . . ." Now the air is full of remarks such as "It is past its peak." The "new imagists," who are coeval offshoots of the style, absorb both its vitality and the reaction; they appear to be striving for a synthesis between form and informality. On the sidelines, in the "acceptance world," there seems to be a desire to call a halt of some sort—to look around, to look back, particularly to look back into the earlier contemporary

scene in the U.S.A., where a number of non-abstract-expressionist artists (who are still sturdily pursuing their courses) might offer an alternative.

There is, at the moment, a spate of exhibits of the work of these older American artists in New York City; the two most ambitious are retrospectives of Milton Avery and Lee Gatch at the Whitney Museum. These exhibits were made possible by Ford Foundation grants to the American Federation of Art which will (after March 15th) circulate the exhibits separately through art centers in the Northeast in order to "increase the opportunities for the public . . . to view the work of established artists"—established artists who have possibly been neglected due to the overwhelming interest in the "action painters." The Ford Foundation may be adhering

to the honorable theory of helping those who help themselves, but it is notable that these "established artists" are especially in need of more viewing.

In themselves both Avery and Gatch command a considerable degree of respect. At his best Avery offers lyricism of line and color in calm, lucid compositions; the outline of forms and the surface of color are the terms of his style. The paintings of Milton Avery are mysterious patterns, filled with symbols and stained-glass color; they are like patchwork poems sometimes, and sometimes like reflections seen through a glass, darkly. Different as these painters are, they both may remind you in some way of Arthur Dove (if you know Arthur Dove, that endearing early abstract American) and indeed both have a strong inclination toward the abstract.

Perhaps the first thing one sees in them from the point of view of a public conditioned to abstract expressionism is the seeds of this phenomenon. In Avery the emphasis is on "abstract," and in Gatch on "expressionism." The fact that they both have more of the objective world in their painting and therefore more variety (especially Avery) and more discipline (especially Gatch, whose expressiveness is tightly controlled in complicated patterns) only serves to give them an ancestral flavor. It seems that looking at these artists only makes clearer why abstract expressionism

burst out—the ground was prepared and conditions favorable.

The historical attitude in looking at paintings is, of course, only one—and a limiting—view; these two painters are worth looking at in their own right. Gatch's *Gothic Night* is an admirably coherent and evocative work, for instance, with its dark arches and the bat-like figure moving out of them. Avery's Matisse-like forms and the light-swept contours of his land-and-seascapes have in them an authentic fragrance.

Both of them lack, however, that fervor (perhaps only a revolutionary fervor?) and vitality that is the best quality of our abstract-expressionists, and in my opinion do not offer a sufficiently strong allure to a public which is giving signs of seeking other native styles to honor.

That there is more to the Ford Foundation intention and the American Federation of Art activity than to provide an answer to "What else have we got that's good?" goes without saying; that artists of talent and integrity should be both encouraged and widely seen is of obvious benefit to the whole American community.

However, an earnest review of these worthy American painters is apt to be disappointing because we are looking around for something other than abstract expressionism (whether or not this is a valid attitude) and neither of these artists satisfies our desire.

The truth is that we are looking for a fresh impulse of genius, the American Moore or Picasso who seems due to appear in order to dominate the fertile and rolling landscape offered by the abstract expressionists. On the whole, it seems likely that such genius will have its roots in precisely that landscape.

We may be restive under the onset of formlessness, unbridled subjectivity and the emphasis on means rather than ends; but vitality is of the very essence of creativity, and this quality must be greatly in evidence in any art we will now turn to, because we have been spoiled—we have got used to it.

BETTY KAUFMAN.

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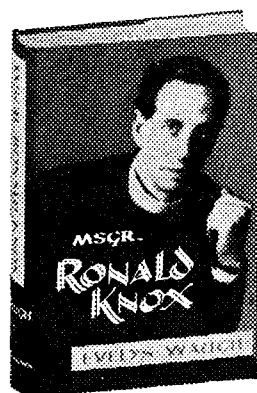
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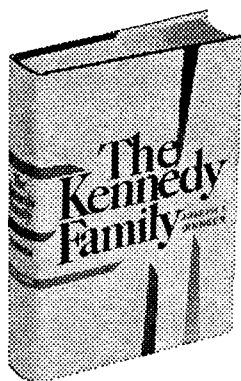
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